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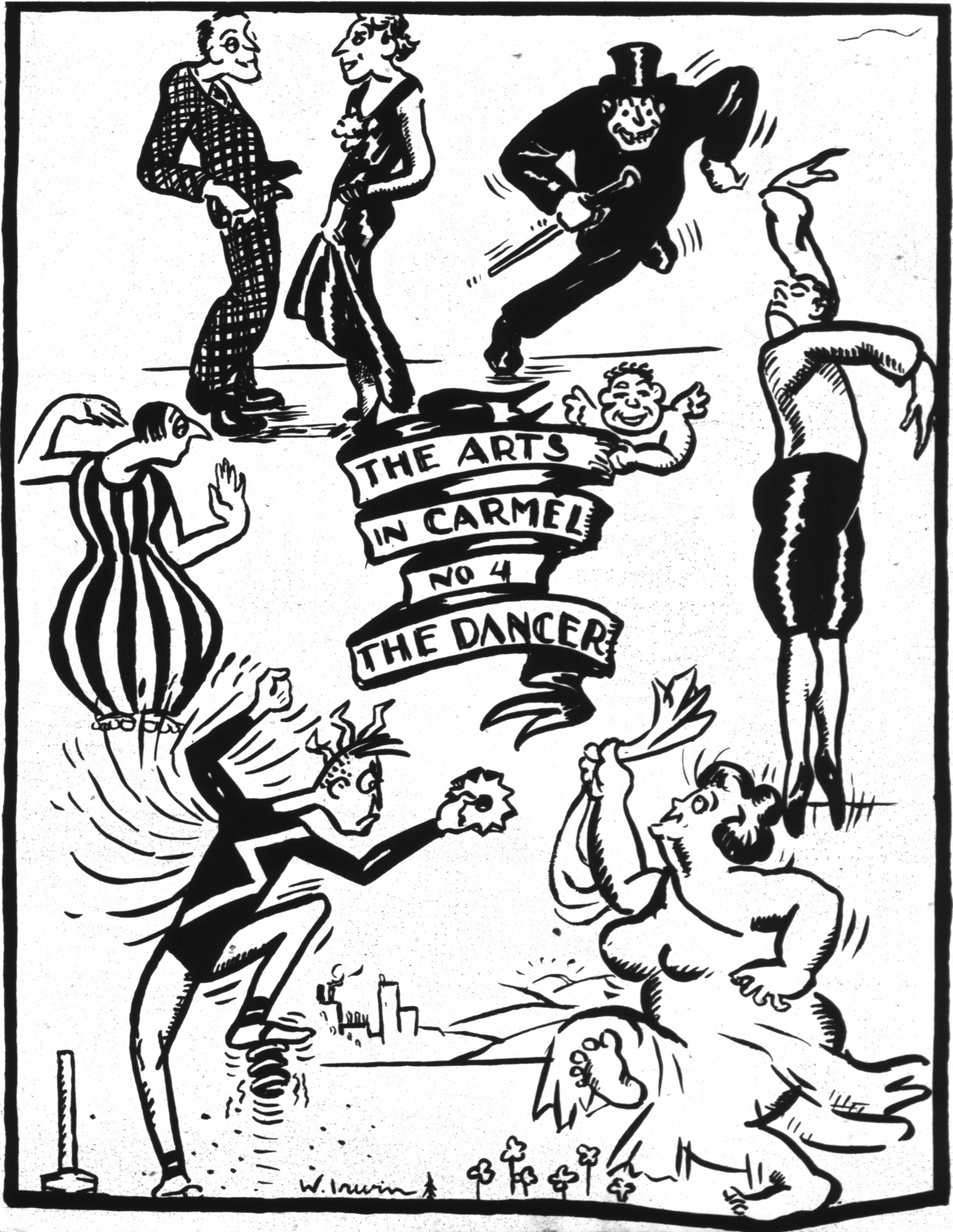
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VOLUME V.

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1937.

NUMBER 39.



Critics Please Note



The way the public is received by Gus Gay and Bruce Ariss who are doing a huge WPA mural for

the Pacific Grove High School. They relieve the tension of work by cute and odd tricks. Beware.

Johnny Campbell Scores for Packers

SALINAS 53, S. F. 0

Sunday afternoon the Peninsula was given its first sample of professional football. Unfortunately for the best interests of promoting a local following, the Salinas Packers chose a very inferior team as opponents. The Salinas Iceberg Lettuce Packers (really!) won from Gil Dowd's San Francisco All Stars by the slightly overwhelming score of 53 to 0. It might be mentioned that the San Francisco All Stars saw nothing but all stars all afternoon. The local fans were given a surprising showing of the liberal and speeded up rulings of the professional game . . . so were the San Francisco boys, they apparently hadn't heard of them before.

Carmel's own Johnny Campbell opened the game at fullback and made the first touchdown through the line. The game was also feat-

ured by speed exhibits by Patches Thomas, late of Santa Clara; Arleigh Williams, late of California; and Mike Bacharini late of the University of San Francisco. No, they aren't really lettuce packers. A keep-away lateral passing game kept the cash customers interested.

The usual football drunk was there as a one-man rooting section. Even he became bored and called out, "What a lousy game, let's tune in on something good." The crowd did enjoy a flashy exhibit of fisticuffs that saw Brian of the Packers excused for the afternoon and challenged by the bleachers as a body. The best run of the day was made by a little black dog who intercepted a hot dog and dashed the length of the field for a gulp-down. Ay, it would have been a good game if there had been anyone there to play the Packers.

Katherine De Mille was seen consuming a midnight snack in Walt's Dairy Sunday evening.

A Birthday Party On the North Shore

Santa Cruz celebrated her 168th birthday on the 15th, 16th and 17th of this month. She dates her birth from the discovery and naming of the site by the famous Portola-Crespi expedition of 1769 rather than the actual settlement of the town. In spite of this, after all it is refreshing to find so charming a girl deliberately adding years to her age, her party was a great success. Parades, dancing, strolling minstrels and, yes actually, a senorita contest, all helped to make the occasion one of gaiety. The old adobe house near the mission was open to the public and that is a treat for any public. The house and garden are among the best adobe to be found in the state.

The mission at Santa Cruz was founded by Father Lasuen in 1791, and, though moderately successful, never became one of the most prominent. Bouchard, the pirate, earthquakes and secularization all took a heavy toll from the struggling establishment. Eventually the buildings were completely destroyed. In 1930 Mrs. Richard Doyle gave the city a replica of the old church built on the site of the original. This building houses many relics, old books, vestments and statues, all that remain of the days of the padres.

The most interesting part of Santa Cruz' history is connected with the early settlement of Branciforte, founded in 1787. This village was part of the colonization plans by which Spain hoped to hold the land against the neighbors who were casting covetous eyes on California. The main street, still called Branciforte avenue, was laid out, in the tradition, straight as a dye, one mile long, to be the official town racetrack. Wonderful plans were made for this village. Every colonist was to have a good salary, a good house, farming implements and every chance to make his fortune under the sympathetic eye of his sovereign.

Like so many dreams of empire this one failed dismally. The funds were exhausted before a single house was complete and the colonists, when they finally arrived, were not skilled craftsmen of outstandingly fine moral calibre. Unfortunately they were of the lowest possible type, not actual criminals but on the order of profession-

CALIFORNIA'S AMAZONS AT DEL MONTE SUNDAY

All the Amazons were at the polo field Sunday. The three finest women poloists on the coast were there, all very tired but all feeling that they had done something to further the future of women's polo in California. They had. Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Dorothy Wheeler and Mrs. Leona Hart, they were all sitting there, tired but pleased. There art those who say that this is a man's game, that there is no place in it for the gentler sex. With these we cannot fight. There are some things in which women cannot compete with men and this is one of them. But, in spite of this condition, they can and they do, put on a fine exhibition of strength, sportsmanship and courage. When they really get going they can make that funny little ball travel a long way and they are well worth watching. The women seem to grow taller every year, why not stronger. Keep your eye on the Amazons, they are worth watching.—N. L.

RAIN, RAIN WENT AWAY

Wednesday and Thursday's rainfall brought us a nose ahead in this year's race for high rainfall honors. The showers of the two days amounted to .11 according to Dr. D. T. McDougal of the Coastal Laboratories, bringing the seasonal rain to .64 as against .54 to October fourteenth, last year.

al vagrants, furthermore most of them were unmarried. The settlement was a thorn in the side of the priests from the very first. Years of bickering and hard feeling came before the town grew up. There is a colorful, violent history behind the City of Santa Cruz.—N.L.



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Shadows on the Mirror

Why I sit here and try to write a fashion column when a walk down the streets of Carmel is infinitely more to the point, is something I will never know. The shop keepers in this Village certainly have as tempting a display of attractive clothes as can be found anywhere on the coast.

And speaking of new clothes there is a small but important point that is well worth remembering when buying a new dress. Don't just fit it on in front of a mirror but try it in action. Go out where you can see yourself walk toward a mirror and watch the correlation of your movements with the hang of the material. This may save a lot of unhappiness later on. Never buy a dress that does not look well in action.

And speaking of this we sincerely hope that Anne Bolyn liked taffeta for Henry bought her 15 yards of the stuff to make a "night robe." What we could do with 15 yards of taffeta!

All good residents of Carmel like sport clothes, we practically live in them, and with good reason. Of all the interesting types of apparel beloved by the feminine and admired by the masculine sex, active sport and formal evening head the list. The woman who is equally attractive in both types is the woman to be envied. She is pretty versatile and easily adaptable to various circumstances. This gentleman, is an admirable characteristic.

At the polo Sunday we saw a very effective outfit, solid black, high-necked sweater, black tailored skirt, oxfords and microscopic hat. The interest centered on two things, a bracelet like a Christmas tree decoration, tiny colored blobs dangling like mad from a heavy chain, a brilliant, yea even a garish ornament in which red predominated to match the scarlet quill on the hat. An orchid to the little number thus arrayed.

A plain black evening dress, slim of bodice, also brief, but with lots of skirt to swirl around the ankles would be most effective with a sequin bolero jacket, the sequins as red as flame, and as il-

Play-Readers in Carmel



Actors Emma Knox and Baldwin McGaw who gave a reading of *Mary of Scotland* Saturday night.

lusive in the soft lights. If we were only brunettes we should have such an outfit.—N.L.

GIRL SCOUTS TO SHOW WORK OF MOVEMENT

Saturday, the Girl Scouts will show living windows in Carmel, Monterey and Pacific Grove to demonstrate Scouting. In Levinson's garage in Carmel from 10:30 to 11:30 Troop I will show phases of local Scouting. From 11:00 to 11:30 Troop II will present picturization of badges.

These demonstrations are to show the public that the Girl Scouts not only are taught camp craft, but home craft, citizenship, character building, nature study and community service, which will be typified in the living windows. In Carmel there are 33 Girl Scouts and leaders, which is a good number for a town of this size.

Although Girl Scout week starts October 31, the Scouts are holding their activities this week because of the convention in Savannah, Georgia celebrating the birthday of Julia Lowe, founder of the Scouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Dobyns, of Pasadena, are spending several weeks at La Playa Hotel. Mrs. Dobyns is a well known landscape architect in the South.

KNOX-McGAW READING

RECEIVED GREAT ACCLAIM

A large and appreciative audience was present at the opening reading of the second Carmel season of Emma Knox and Baldwin McGaw. The play was "Mary of Scotland" by Maxwell Anderson, and is as successful to read as it is to see.

The simple, charming set arranged by George Seideneck added a great deal to the feeling which the McGaws gave the play, and their wonderful voices brought the full beauty of the English language to the audience.

The next play to be presented by the McGaws in November will be Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" with the music, and both play and music lovers are looking forward to the presentation.

Patrons and patronesses for the season are Messrs. and Mesdames R. R. Wallace, W. W. Wheeler, F. A. Ingalls, D. L. James, Carl Bachelder, C. A. T. Cabaniss, Joseph Schoeninger, David Ball, Carmel Martin, Arthur T. Shand, Ralph L. Coote, John O'Shea, Chester Shephard, Henry Dickinson, Edward Kuster, Misses Laura Diersen, Frances Parke, Rachel Hiller, Lorena Ray, Flora Stewart, Tilly Polak, Emily Pitkin, Clara Taft, Mrs. Karl Hoffman, Mrs. H. H. Kirk, Mrs. Katherine MacFarland, Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams and Noel Sullivan.

Mrs. Frank Townsend and her two daughters are back in Carmel again after spending the summer in Washington.

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The Californian

Formerly the Carmel Sun
Published Every Wednesday

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Advertising Manager
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We had it all planned to write a line about missing the Wednesday Night Social Club's meetings and what happens, they held a meeting anyway, an afternoon affair to be sure, but a meeting. They just can't get over their weekly habit. However, they still didn't create any editorial copy, it was a meeting to go into the overlooked business of printing pads. It created copy for the rival papers, for they are at odds on the question, but we can sit back and smoke our pipe, if we only smoked a pipe.

Monterey is loudly complaining that the San Simeon highway is being picketed by gas stations, hotels and auto camps on Highway 101, and worse yet, isn't even recognized on some of the oil companies' maps where as others mark it as inadvisable. We can see where that all is hard on Monterey who have long planned on the influx of tourists and tourist dollars, but we know that most Carmelites are chuckling. Carmel has never wanted to be a tourist town and they fought hard to keep the highway out of the city, but it is still close enough that many take the side tour. The less people coming over the road, the better for the Village of Carmel.

William Hogan, an Alamedan who writes for Universal service took a mailman's holiday to write another Carmel article, this time for "Globe," one of the newer minimags. He paints a very sad picture of the Village that was, leaving us only the smell of the pines and the sea to remind him of old Carmel. He talks nostalgically of the early Carmelites, though very young himself, and has probably gotten Bert Herron foaming at the mouth by including Jack London in the lineup of the starting team.

Bert warned us that if we ever committed that oft repeated blunder he would burn our office down but "Globe" is safe, it is published in Milwaukee. It seems that

Jack did come here for a week, but Bert maintains that that doesn't make him a pioneer Carmelite. Hogan's adverse picture of present day Carmel may keep a lot of people out and help keep the Village from becoming just what he says we already are, a town living and trading on memories.

The Californian, the oldest newspaper in California first published in 1846 in Monterey, pursues its long and varied career. Come the next issue it will be under new management with the present publisher and editorial staff blowing out, a little sniffely perhaps, but with a stiff upper lip. Ye editor's connection with the paper has been short and exceedingly sweet, he has had a good time, met many grand people and has had grand cooperation wherever he went. He wants here to thank the publisher and editorial staff bowing dette, his staff and all Carmel people who have been so swell. It's been a short life, but a merry one. We wish the best of luck to the new owners. Sally and Willy and Beth say goodbye and thanks a million.

(Editor's Note—The following letter turned up in the mail the other day and we blushed at mixing Richard Henry Dana with William Goodwin Dana. We tripped on that as soon as it was off the press and hoped "the audience wouldn't notice it." We turned the letter over to our historical expert and zowie her Viking blood rose up in defense of the Castilians and so we print the original letter, though unsigned, and the answer, below.)

For crying out loud sake who told you that Anita Castro was the granddaughter of "William" Henry Dana. It was Richard Henry Dana Jr., who wrote Two Years Before the Mast, and Richard Henry was too staunch a Puritan to get mixed up with any squaws. Castilian or Native—Richard Henry Dana did not linger in California, went back home to New England, married a home town gal, became a famous man and a great lawyer. He is buried in the Protestant cemetery in Rome and I scattered some poppy seeds from our Peninsula on his grave a few years ago, and a friend tells me they are still thriving.

So put on your sack cloth and ashes, give your back a few lashes, and do not let out your girdle beyond the primum notum for a whole week at meal time.

And talking of descendants of great people, there was a Caballero near here who was always boasting to you outlanders about his pedigree, descended from this or that Grandee. There was an old Scotchman who was a regular Who's Who and once when this near-grandee was spouting about his ancestors this Scotchman whispered, "Yes, I knew his squaw grandmother, her favorite dish was pink beans, and in her old days she liked to eat them after they had been poured on the stoop back of her shanty"—Castilian my eyebrow.

Dear Castilian My Eyebrow:

The editor, resplendent with an immaculate white gardenias in the button hole and a twinkle in his famous blue peepers, handed us your letter the other day. "Well,"

he said "What about this?" So we read the letter and were properly chastened for you really have something there. Mrs. Castro is not the granddaughter of Richard Henry (Two Years Before the Mast) Dana but of his kinsman Captain William Goodwin Dana, a fine old Puritan. It seems that this New Englander came to California way back in the early days and the first thing he did upon reaching San Luis Obispo was to fall in love with Senorita Josefa Carrillo. Before he could marry the Castilian girl he had to become a citizen and a Catholic, two things which annoyed him greatly because they took so long. One of the results of this union, a rather important one we think, was the birth of 21, (count them, twenty-one) children. Of these, one married the only daughter of General Castro.

It seems that many of the New England captains followed Dana's example, their names are legion. Captain Cooper, Juan de la Manca to you, married a Spanish girl, William Heath Davis and a lot of others lived long and happily with their California wives. And so you see, we grant that you are right on one point but we DO think you wrong on another.

Sincerely,

—N.L.

FLASHLIGHTS

At last the town can settle down, having done its duty by ten million tourists (more or less) this summer. We've been advertised to what end, we've been harried and harrassed, and we've paid the penalty for our sins or something. There was the woman with her delightful progeny in one of our splendid antique shops. said offspring trying to remove the decorations from a chair. Upon the fourth remonstrance by the owner, the mother said, "Well, it would look better to me if the beads were off anyway."

And the gusher who walked into another shop and said, "Such a lovely shop, so beautiful" and so on—"do you mind if we look around." "Oh no," said the cordial owner, "all we ask is a small donation for the Humane Society." This was followed by the rapid exit of gusher.

Then there was the woman who asked for books by Lyle Saxon—none—and rather severely by John Buchan—none—and very severely by Virginia Woolf—"Yes, we have all of hers." And having completed the examination to her satisfaction, the questioner marched out without even looking at the books. Which reminds us—do people always browse in a bookshop, must it be done that way—we wonder what it is about a book that produces that soporific state.

And the woman who rushed into another shop and breathlessly asked the price of a large Mexican vase. "Four dollars," said the owner. "My, I thought it would be at least ten. I must think it over." So to the person who went into a dress shop, tried on every dress in stock and then explained, "I never buy anything. Really make all my own clothes, but I find it

a good plan to get ideas from the shops."

Janie Otto not finding her name in the last issue of the Californian.



Virginia and Remo Scardigli chasing and being chased by an intruding wild tom cat.

Jerry Chance not afraid of any musical instrument except a Jews harp.

Dan James all wrapped up in a harmonica-guitar combination.

Eleanor Irwin adopting a puppy, calling it "Butch," finding its name to be "Butchess" and unadopting it.

Whitneys saving brand new tricky cellulose sponges from the wear and tear of inquisitive fingers by parking the sponges behind the bar.

Janie Otto finding her name in this week's issue of the Californian.



Beth Staley exhibiting brand new bridge work to Ray Burns.

Visiting elderly conventioners buying brightly colored berets at Imelman's and driving away in an open car.

Ray Burns was more than the scene of much interest when he ordered a strawberry soda on Sunday night and sat inhaling it while his friends passed by the window, mouths open, leering.

UNCLASSIFIED ADS

GOOD SOCIETY EDITOR
Wants a job, even write council news, pack fish, or go to China, apply Sally Fry.

FIRST CLASS EDITOR: Needs work, dishwashing, ditch digging or what-have-you, apply Bill Irwin.

A NO. 1 HISTORICAL EXPERT: And fashion writer needs work, gardening, cooking or cattle rustling, apply Naun Liljencrantz.

SUPER FINE BUSINESS MGR.: Looking for managing, copy writing or just plain righting, apply Beth Ingels.

Jimmy Hopper and his daughter Janie, spent last week end in Carmel.

Among those who plan to attend the California football game this Saturday are Betty Rae Sutton and Sam Colburn.

Camera Club Takes Cameraman



The Carmel Camera Club taking a picture of the Californian's photographer and way points on their outing at the Seideneck ranch in Carmel Valley on Sunday. From left to right the lensmen, who were worn out from persuing bulls and sheep, are: Lloyd Weer, Peter Stuart Burk, Tom Mathew, Horace Lyon, Dick Laney and George Seideneck.

RED CROSS ROLL CALL TO BEGIN SOON

Red Cross Roll Call, beginning Armistice Day, November 11 is already receiving the deep attention of the officials of Carmel Chapter.

The personnel of the campaign organization is practically completed and will be announced within a few days. Monday afternoon the first meeting of the Advance Subscription committee was held at Dolores street headquarters. This group is composed of the following citizens: James L. Cockburn, chairman, Herman S. Crossman, Whitney Palache, Gustave Laumeister, Col. T. B. Taylor, Mrs. S. A. Trevvett, Mrs. Alfred Mathews, Mrs. Herbert John Morse and Miss Clara G. Hinds. Approach will be made through this committee to a number of the larger contributors to the fund and who are in thorough sympathy with the work of the National Organization but have an intimate knowledge of the work being done here in Carmel through a well defined relief program. By this means babies are fed, milk furnished undernourished children, clothing supplied to the needy. The sick hospitalized and food furnished to families in need. Over \$500 has been spent the past year for milk alone through Red Cross.

Eight hundred members is this year's goal and an earnest effort will be made on the part of the loyal workers to reach that quota.

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BURTON BOUNDY TO HEAD ADULT ART CLASS

Burton Boundy has been definitely selected to instruct in the art classes of the adult education program at the Monterey High school. Mr. Boundy's work is well known here by his frequent exhibits during his eleven year residence on this Peninsula. He studied at the Art Academy of Chicago and under George Bellows and Robert Henri in New York, and was recently supervisor of the WPA Art Project. Those who have studied under him say that he is greatly gifted as a teacher and has helped everyone who has come to him for criticism.

The classes are to start November second and will continue thereafter every Tuesday and Thursday nights at seven-thirty. The high school has built a new room for this class. The class is designed both for students with Mr. Boundy as instructor and for mature artists who wish to work from a model but find that they can't afford a model. In the latter case criticisms are optional. All artists and art students are invited to attend not only for their own good, but to keep the class quota above the minimum required by the state and so insure continued art development for those interested. There are no charges.

Asilomar

announces the Friday Night Club Dances starting October 29th with a Halloween Party.

You are cordially invited to become a member and to bring guests.

Miriam Watson
Hostess

Bob Beach's
Orchestra

Merrill Hall, Asilomar,
8:30 p.m. October 29th.
Membership dues 50c a
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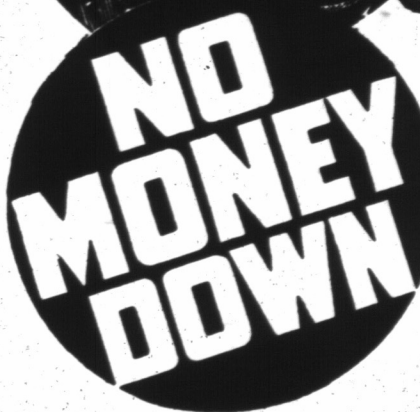
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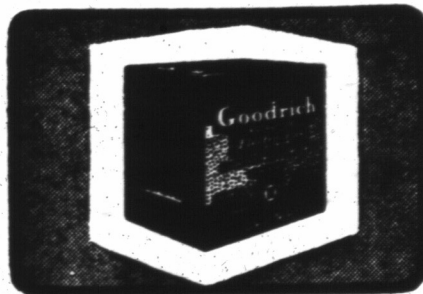
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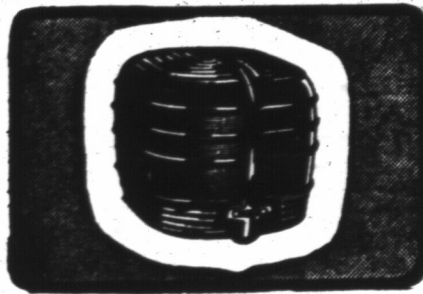
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BUDGET DEPT.

Monterey

Personally Speaking

Beth Staley gave a delightful taffy-pulling party last Saturday evening at her home on Junipero street with the able assistance of Ray Burns. Those seen drawing taffy to and fro were Sam Colburn, Ardienne Lillico, Bill Nye, the Rex Flahertys, Ellen Skaden, Ted Watson, Betty Rae Sutton, Libby Ley and Henry Dickinson.

Seen at the Salinas-San Francisco Professional Football game Sunday at Monterey were Paul Flanders, Ted Sierka, Willard Whitney, Barbara Murphy, Adrienne Lillico, Marian Whitney, Bubs Iverson, Don Clark, Beth Staley, P. A. MacCreery, Ranny Cockburn and Ross Miller.

Eva Loubens has gone South for a ten day stay with her mother.

Cecily Cunha from Santa Monica, was on the Peninsula over the week end. Miss Cunha, who belongs to the Riviera Club polo players, did not participate this week end as she is recovering from a serious smash-up while playing.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold A. Fletcher, from San Francisco, were week end guests of Forest Lodge. The Fletchers, who are frequent visitors in Carmel, did some sketching here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Prael and party, of San Francisco, were visitors at Forest Lodge last week end. Mrs. Prael, the former Carmelita Woodworth, is now the publicity manager for the Whitcomb Hotel.

Mrs. Florence Aberle, who has been staying at La Playa Hotel for six months has left for Los Angeles where she will visit at the Holmby Hills home of her sister, Mrs. Henry Kern, for a few weeks, before leaving for New York to spend several months. Later she plans to go abroad with Egypt as part of her itinerary. However Mrs. Aberle loves Carmel and wants to come back later and make her home here, which will be a break for Carmel.

John Von Salza and his guests, Biff Jenkins and Paul Rhinehart, spent last week end in Carmel.

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**A STAR
IS BORN**
(All Technicolor)

Painter of Real People



John L. (Langley to you) Howard, artist and harmonica player.

John L. Howard Painter of People

Perhaps one of the least known artists on this Peninsula and yet one of the best known away from home is John Langley Howard. John, and he predicted we'd say this, is the son of John Gaylan Howard the well known architect. In fact John can't help but be identified with other artists, what with two brothers, Charles and Robert who are painters and two sisters-in-law, Jane Berlandina, the painter, and Adeline Kent the sculptress. It's no wonder that Anne, his wife, says she is a little tired of art, for the time being at least. But then she also has two very attractive and very active children and one small dog to take care of. The young son is busily engaged in building a steam shovel out of old car parts.

Oh yes, this is to be a short biography of John Langley Howard, it's his curse to be connected with so many people of interest and note. John can almost claim to be a native son, he only missed it by three months. He was born in Montclair, New Jersey, Feb. 5, 1902, but was driven to California by those famous mosquitoes. Berkeley was his home and he went the way of most Berkeleites and attended the University of Califor-

nia where two attempts at graduating, decided for him that he was better fitted for the arts. He transferred to California School of Arts and Crafts and from there took the natural step to New York and Paris. Two winters were spent at the Art Student's League in New York studying under Kenneth Hayes Miller. Six months in Paris were spent at independent work. He once became disgusted with art and went to the Hawaiian Islands to work up in the sugar business, but three months of overseeing workers in the fields sent him back

to the mainland with the knowledge firmly in mind that he was an artist and not a business man.

He was married in New York to a native girl and brought her out to Calistoga shortly after where they settled on a ranch for three years during which time he worked up the material for the first one-man show at the old Modern Gallery on Montgomery Street. He and Anne and children came to Monterey in 1929 where they have lived since save for a few trips. Langley, as he is known to his friends, has exhibited in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and Toronto. He had an exhibition at the Denny-Watrous galleries in Carmel in about 1930 but his conception seemed a little too strong for most of the local people and so he turned to foreign fields. He is represented by a fresco mural in the Coit Memorial Tower in San Francisco and he won the Anne Bremer Memorial Award at the San Francisco Art Association Exhibition in 1936 and an award at the Monterey Fair of this year. John is interested in people, the contemporary scene as it reflects itself in people. His studies are sometimes almost characterized but always strong and full of life. He sees his people in their every day activities from Dust Bowl refugees fishing on the wharf to Fourth of July orators before open mouthed crowds, living people treated in a lusty manner. Oil is his favorite medium but he is now trying to develop water color so that he can make quicker and surer sketches. He refuses to put his reactions and theories in words, because once in print he can't change them and they look "so damned silly." John Langley Howard is a man who should be better known on the Peninsula, he has something very important to contribute to the art story of the Monterey-Carmel region.

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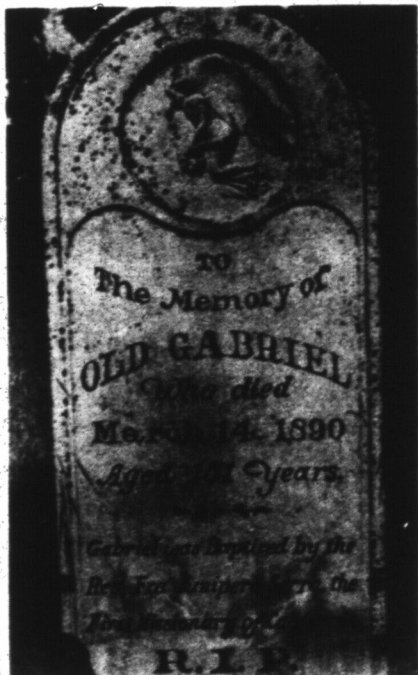
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Really Aged



A tombstone in the Salinas cemetery which might interest Robert Ripley. Unfortunately our historical expert can't find out anything about Gabriel. Some day we'll know. Photo by Slevin.

ELECTRIC RAZOR USERS BROADCAST THEIR WORK

Here's another oddity, at least to all of us who are not electrically minded. Word comes from Monterey that the short wave radio transmission between sardine boats and their shore station is being badly interfered with by the users of electric razors. Hal Brokaw, operator of the shore station says that at some hours communication is impossible. He said that they have carefully checked and know for sure that electric razors are the cause of the trouble.

At least he has been able to compile statistics on the hours at which Monterey Peninsula people broadcast their shaves. They start at six in the morning and have finished by eight, then there are two hours at noon, probably those that got up too late to shave before they went to work, and then, surprisingly enough, they shave for half the night in deadly earnest, from seven o'clock in the evening till way past midnight. No more can a man be asked where he was since he last shaved. Condensers can be placed on the razors which will eliminate this trouble and the fishermen, in the interests of shipping safety, are campaigning for such installations on all electric razors.

LOCAL GAL MAKES GOOD

Lynda Sargent just returned from "the hills" to announce and celebrate the completion of an ordered feature article for the Pacific Coast's new smart magazine whose first issue goes to press this week. The magazine is in the smart-slick class and is to cater exclusively to the Pacific States and for that reason will carry the name of "The Coast." Lynda enlarged and re-did one of her most popular articles, that on the old Coast Road. It so pleased the editors that she is to be given feature position. Hip, hip, hooray for Lynda, we knew she'd do it.

THIS WEEK'S CRIME WAVE

Police Chief Bob Norton says that two burglaries were reported to him during the week. Mrs. B. C. Semmens of Scenic Drive said that while she was away last week her house had been entered and some one had messed it up, though not much seemed to be missing. The Harper residence on San Antonio also was reported entered. It has been empty for some time so there is no check on when it was entered. The place has been rifled but as yet there is no report of the amount missing.

Greta Garbo, she of the husky voice, will be present Thursday evening at the Marionette Show of John and Mitzi Eaton, and not only will she be there, but she will address a few words to the breathlessly waiting audience. Note — Greta is a very lovely marionette which has recently been added to the troupe.

Joe Schoeninger spent last week end in Carmel with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger at their home on the Point. Joe is a student at the University of California.

Mrs. Fred Godwin left yesterday for the South where she will visit her daughter, Jean Cowen, for a week. Jean is in her second year at Pomona College.

Mrs. Charles Fuller is leaving today for a trip to Guatemala. Sunday evening Mrs. Herman Crossman entertained with a farewell party honoring her.

Herb Cerwin returned yesterday from a trip to New York, and he plans to leave the 10th of November for three months in the Orient.

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How Tio Armenta Stopped Gambling

When California still owed her allegiance to Spain and Pablo de Sola ruled as governor of the territory there were rigid laws against gambling in Monterey. At this time Tio Armenta, a retired soldier, lived a short distance from the Presidio. Lately the habit had grown with him of augmenting his slim pension with an occasional friendly game of cards with some of the younger men of the town.

The ship *Cazadora* lay in the harbor while two of her traders, their pockets well lined with money took their way up the hill to Tio's house. Victor Arroyo, a young man with a playful turn of mind waited along the road for just this moment. As the traders came gaily up the dark trail Victor, thoroughly disguised as a bear, leaped out and chased them back to Monterey.

The story was too good to keep. Sola, indignation leering from every line of his noble features, firmly confined Tio Armenta in the adobe calabozo and, equally firmly, reprimanded the traders. Highly incensed at being the laughing stock of the community they vowed to get even with their tormentor. Luckily for the culprit (such a handy word) they mistook his identity and blamed Lieutenant Estudillo for their shame.

Careful plans brought them satisfaction for while they hid in the underbrush by the Lagunita they watched the pompous young officer shrinking in the water to which he had been pursued by two highly ferocious bears. Research discloses that one of these bears was that very capable impersonator of the beasts, Victor Arroyo.—N.L.

MISSION LOTTERY SCHEME MEETS WIDE DISAPPROVAL

The rather odoriferous lottery scheme for raising money to restore the Carmel Mission seems to have met its just disapproval from all sides. The scheme originated by Promoter Jack Goodman was to have been a state wide lottery with monthly drawings here. Catholics and Protestants alike have condemned it as undignified and unreliable. Bishop Scher of the local diocese announced from Fresno that scheme did not have his approval. The Monterey Chamber of Commerce announced their condemnation of the projected lottery. So it would seem that Promoter Goodman will have to think

Haywire Musicians



Thursday night's Haywire Orchestra that meets, rusticates and harmonizes here, there, and any where the muses dictate. This night they were caught at Miki Hayakawa's Studio. From left to

right back row, Spud Grey, Dan James, maestro; Langley Howard, Miki Hayakawa, Jerry Chance, Rosalie James, Thelma Vickers, Gretchen Schoeninger, Ann Howard and Ed King.

up another "good thing." Under his plan, out of every \$5,000 collected, the mission fund would receive only \$800, the rest being absorbed by commissions, prizes and the promotor.

AUTHOR DON BLANDING IN CARMEL TODAY

Don Blanding is meeting all his old and new friends this afternoon at the Normandy Inn. He is here from the Hawaiian Islands via Hollywood where he has been supervising the filming of his novel "Stowaways In Paradise," to be an RKO-Radio release. The affair will be in the nature of a tea sponsored by Bob Spencer to introduce Don's new book, "The Rest of the Road." Don will not only be glad to meet everyone and discuss his new work with them, but will autograph books for those interested.

DERANGED MAN HELD FOR OBSERVATION

Police Chief Bob Norton was called out on Monday to take a man into custody who was bothering the children around the Sunset school. The man, a shell shock victim was thought to be temporarily deranged and is being held for observation.

ANOTHER RUNAWAY CAR

For those people who stray along Ocean Avenue looking for excitement, there was the usual runaway car on Monday. A car belonging to R. W. Wanger of Patterson, California, got tired of waiting in front of the Carmel Drug store and started for the beach, changed its mind and jumped the center garden to cross the street crashing a picket fence at the side of the Corner Cupboard on the corner of Dolores Street. Mr. Wanger will pay for a new fence, so 'tis said.

A surprise party was given for John Von Salza on Saturday night celebrating his birthday. The guests were Beverly and Joan Tait, Sally Fry, Stanley Kahn, Charles Bechdolt, Biff Jenkins, Paul Rhinehart and Tommy Hooper.

Christian Science Services First Church of Christ, Scientist Carmel

Monte Verde St., one block north of Ocean Ave., between 5th & 6th

Sunday School 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Service 11:00 a.m.

Wednesday Evening Meeting 8:00 p.m.

Reading Room

Ocean Avenue, near Monte Verde
Open Week Days 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Every Evening Except Wednesday and Sunday
7:00 to 9:00

Holidays 1:00 to 5:00

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PASATIEMPO UPSETS RIVIERA IN POLO FINALS

A large crowd was present at the Del Monte Polo Field Sunday afternoon to witness the finals of the Governor's Cup Tournament played between the Pasatiempo and Riviera teams. This is considered the outstanding women's polo game of the year, and the winners, the Pasatiempo Four are looked upon as the champions of the State.

Earlier in the week Pasatiempo defeated Pogonip 4 to 3, while the Riviera four defeated Douglas School 6 to 2.

The lineups were as follows:

PASATIEMPO

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------|
| 1 Mrs. Spencer Tracey | No. 1 |
| 1 Mrs. Leone Hart | No. 2 |
| 4 Mrs. C. H. Jackson | No. 3 |
| 2 Marian Hollins | Back |

RIVIERA

- | | |
|----------------------|-------|
| 0 Mrs. Rita Benziger | No. 1 |
| 1 Dorothy Rogers | No. 2 |
| 3 Audrey Scott | No. 3 |
| 3 Ruth Cropp | Back |

The game was nip and tuck all the way. Outstanding playing was done by Miss Hollins and Mrs. Jackson, who worked together all the way through the game.

MASS MEETING NEXT WEEK

No definite date has been set as yet for the public mass meeting to discuss the proposed merit system, according to E. A. H. Watson, but it is expected that the meeting will take place early this coming week. The exact date will be announced later and the meeting will take place in the auditorium of the Sunset school. This mass meeting is not only to discuss the proposed system but also to select the board to govern the changed form of government.

Frank E. Wood
Public Accountant

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The Normandy Inn
LUNCHEON — TEA
DINNER

Mrs. M. C. Sampson

Winning Polo Team



The Pasatiempo Club polo team which scored an upset victory over Riviera Club of Los Angeles at Del Monte on Sunday. The Pasatiempo four from Santa Cruz won the Governor's Cup tournament by

virtue of that victory. Left to right Marian Hollins, Santa Cruz; Mrs. C. H. Jackson Jr., Santa Barbara; Mrs. Floyd B. Hart, Sacramento; and Mrs. Spencer Tracey, Hollywood.

CANNERY ODOR MAKES ARTISTS CRY OH, DEAR!

We in Carmel are lucky in many ways, for instance, it has to be a very strong wind from the North before we are assailed by that peculiar Monterey aroma originating in Cannery Row. Now that the sardine run is on full blast and the purse seiners are increasing like rabbits in the blind faith that there is no end to nature's supplies, that aroma is prevailing from Pacific Grove to Marina. It seems, according to Dr. W. F. Fisher, that sulphurous gases are the basic element in that reduction plant perfume. He complains of the odor, which might seem strange to an outsider who considers that Doctor Fisher's laboratory cuts up and studies fish and other marine life the year around, but they don't reduce them to fertilizer. Doctor Fisher complains that the paint on the laboratories has changed due to the chemical reaction with the sulphur in the air. Aye, and that should be a warning to all the artists too, for many an artist has painted a picture in delicate shades only to find it gradually greying. It seems a property of lead white, which is lead oxide, to react with all the stray sulphur that comes along and form lead sulphide (or could it be sulphate?) Now lead oxide is a beautiful thick white but when it kicks out the oxygen and takes in the sulphur it becomes a dirty, vulgar grey. Delicate pastel shades being mainly white in make

up take the same course when lead is used. Most artists have learned that and now employ zinc white which stays white when it combines with sulphur. But beware, unsuspecting artist, the canneries are grand painting subjects, but they can get back at you, if you don't watch out.

FIREMEN RESCUE CAT NOW HAVE A MASCOT

The brave fire laddies had to face something more dangerous than a fire last Thursday when they were called out to rescue a cat. Who called them is a mystery for no one claimed the cat after they had climbed a sixty foot pine and done battle with puss on the very brittle tree top. As yet no one has claimed the cat and he is fast becoming the mascot of the fire department, already answering to the name of "Rusty" and having an honorable, if somewhat unstable, bed on the hose of the big fire truck.

NO SIRENS, NO FIRES

Fire Chief Bob Leidig's educational campaign during fire prevention week has born fruit, we couldn't stir up a fire report for this week. A couple of still alarms to go out and investigate bon fires but no screaming sirens and roaring trucks. Even the fire department seems to be suffering from that Village-wide let down following Happy Whyte's departure.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bare returned from the South Saturday after having been gone a week.

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by carrier

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or any News Stand in Carmel

LIQUOR LICENSE ALLOCATION ANNOUNCED

John C. Corbett, member of the State Board of Equalization for the first district has announced from Sacramento that \$1,447,259.75 has been allocated to cities and counties as their share of liquor license fees issued during the first sixth month period of 1937. Of this sum the Carmel council will find \$612.50 burning their pockets. At least it is more than Pacific Grove got, their allocation was .00 for obvious reasons.

Classified Ads

FOR SALE: "The house that Jack Built" double construction redwood slabs outside with bark exposed—beautiful rustic finish—three bedrooms, hardwood floors. Fine garden place, completely furnished. THOBURN'S across from the Library.

NEW and attractive 2 bedroom cottage, 2 baths. Near beach and with an excellent marine view. This is a fine income property and is reasonably priced. Gladys Johnston, Realtor.

MISSION TRACT LOTS \$1550: A section of new homes, with beautiful outlook, unobstructed views 60x100 ft. All wires underground gas, water, electricity, telephone 60ft. streets. Fine value at \$1550. CARMEL REALTY CO., Ocean Ave., Carmel. Phone 66.

FINE INCOME PROPERTY — South of Ocean Avenue near beach — two apartments same floor — completely furnished. Price \$5500. Gladys R. Johnston, Realtor.

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Village Five and Tener



Our candid camera fiend caught V. D. Graham, proprietor of the Village Five and Ten, looking over his window display and thinking, "phooey to Woolworth." V.D. is

not only a real five and tener, but the vice president of the Business Association and when he looks in his window and sums up business, he knows what business means.

Stillwells Write Carmel Friends

Excerpts from an interesting letter received from Colonel and Mrs. J. W. Stillwell, former Carmelites, follow:

We planned to leave Camp Burrows at C.W.T. on the 4:40 for Tientsin, Friday, the 13th, which date was bad enough in itself. The station platform was a seething mass of people, all wanting to go toward Tientsin. First class, jammed packed, dining car, two seats which we grabbed. The diner was crowded with people eating their dinners and all being served by two men, Japanese. As people arrived for dinner, seats had to be given up and others grabbed as vacated. Ben sat on my lap and we were most fortunate in not being moved. We had the pleasure of watching four French people from the French Guard at Shanhai-kuan, eat a huge meal and drink bottle after bottle of red wine. They had been disagreeable when we first arrived, but they soon thawed out, and keeping to themselves became very jolly and hilarious. Plenty of Japanese, men and women, came and went and finally by ten, diners became spasmodic and we tried to relax! The children leaned their heads on the tables and tried to sleep, and the rest of us talked, smoked, looked at magazines, and felt rather glad that we could not read the future.

Our train was side tracked often and once held for three hours, for troop trains had the right of way. Breakfast was sandwiches, oranges, bits of cake from the lunch basket. When one o'clock came and we still had not reached Tangku, we decided everyone and particularly the children needed some hot food. The waiter came forward, looking very sad, and said, "There is nothing left"—no rice no bread, nothing—a little soup perhaps—so we all had a little watered soup and some hot tea. We reached Tientsin

at four o'clock—20½ hours after leaving Chinmangtao, and were very grateful to find several army trucks and cars waiting for us. As we rode along, we were wide-eyed, staring at the destruction around the station from the recent bombing. Barbed wire defences are still at many of the streets as well as sandbags.

Sunday morning we had an early breakfast and again left for the station at eight. Around 9:10 a Japanese and 2 Russians came asking for passports. Until Langfang we went along very steadily, but when I tell you that we reached Peking at 10 p.m., you will realize there were plenty of waits from then on. Many, many troop trains going to Fengtai: just as many empties coming back to pick up more troops. Langfang was a mess—it had taken an awful beating and it just spelled "Devastation."

In Peking we go around much the same as formerly, but all around are signs of Japanese activity—trucks and tanks—roaring down Hateman. Out on the drill field this afternoon, a religious ceremony is being held for the Japanese dead—with hundreds of paper wreaths, made by Chinese, decorating a mat shed altar. I glanced at it all as I went by in a ricksha, but was more interested in the groups of Chinese gathered across the streets. The dead are from Nankou, probably where they are having quite a time.

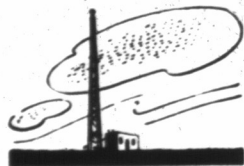
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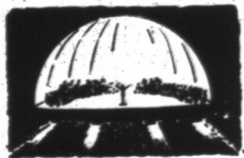
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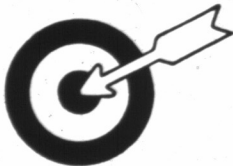
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